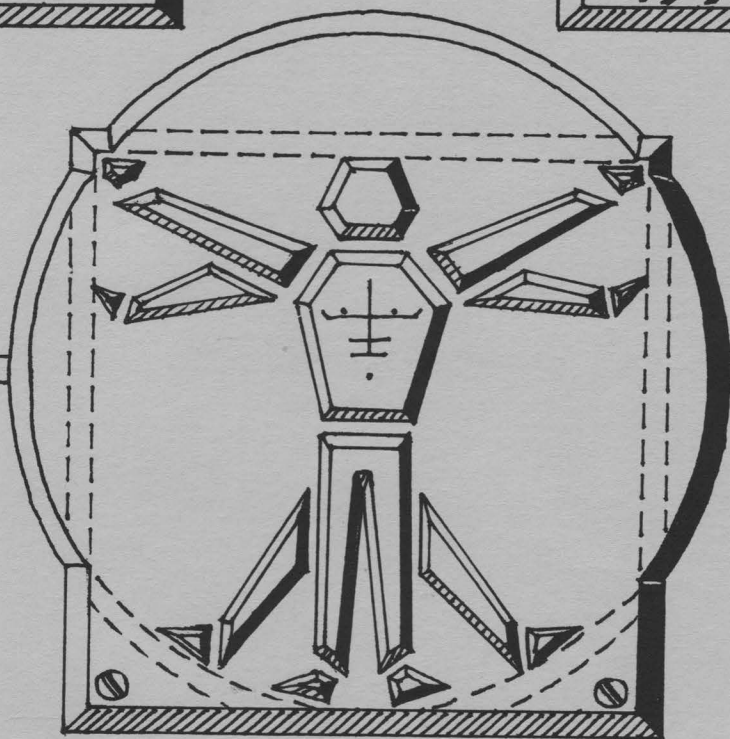


FALL

1991



EDGE
CITY

EDGE

CITY

Fall, 1991

Number 11

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Table of Contents

Untitled	Laura A. Meckler	3
Can't They See	Duane Mumma	4
Artwork	Dean Gangaware	4
January 14...	Duane Hyland	5
A Streetlight Remembrance	Earl Stoltzfus	6
Images of Chelsie Monday	Matthew Peters	7
Waves	John R. Fisk	8
Channels	John R. Fisk	9
Untitled	Keith Robbins	10
The Fool	Curt Fekety	10
Beer on My Side	Rusty Barnes	11
Speaking Literally I	Andrew Analore	12
You And I	Marcey Williams	14
Art	Dean Gangaware	14
Untitled	Marcey Williams	15
Remembrance	Dale Whapham	16
Sunflower Moonshine	Marcey Williams	18
The Snow	Jennifer Swendrowski	20
Broken Heart	S. Michelle Hoepfl	21
Your Eyes	Jennifer Swendrowski	22
All the Dear Darlings	Kerry Jones	23
Speaking Literally II	Andrew Analore	24
V	Shawn A. Hartley	26
Structures	Duane Mumma	27
A Word From the Editor		28
Cover	Duane Mumma	

January 14, 1991 - October 17, 1991

Untitled

The sight of him makes me ache inside

When he talks to me, I am in awe

I can't concentrate on my work

He penetrates my every thought

He invades my dreams

I awake in a frenzy of hot despair

for I know I cannot have him

But I want him and

it's all I can think and dream about

His hands explore me

All my muscles tense in ecstasy

His lips glide across my moistened skin

My body quivers as

his body presses against mine and

finally our union is complete

I sigh

He moans

Our motion is a parallel rhythm of

climactic urgency

All breathing stops for the one final moment

that he's mine

A dream I refuse to awaken from

But that's my longful sadness. . .

It's just a dream

-Laura A. Meckler

Can't They See?

Everyone sees when the dancer falls—
Can't they tell she's stumbling?
Everyone knows when the flower dies—
Don't they see she's wilting?
Everyone knows when the runner breaks—
Can't you tell she's hurting?
Am I the only one who notices?
Am I alone when I care?
Where will the
Stage
Garden
Track
Be, when their loved
one is gone?

-Duane Mumma



January 14, 1991 - October 17, 1991

Night falls, and the fog spills out of the canal. Like blood. To fall on the city obscuring all it touches. Like a love gone bad obscures the very meaning of life. Here I sit, surrounded by the smashed crystal shards of illusion, my dreams dying in my soul, destroyed by your maliciousness. Hatred, real and living, spills from your soul, like bile, destroying all it touches like acid destroys rock. As I lie here you stand there building walls out of pride, out of anger and out of selfishness and at their tops are imbedded the shards of glass which are shattered dreams of the plans we had made with each other, each one a separate series of sugar spun ropes which, being fragile, dissolve at the first harsh touch of anger. As the night grows deeper and colder, the fog begins to move. As anger erases from your mind all memory of any good that was ever shared by us, as if all we knew were hatred, disillusionment, and fear. And still the wailing and gnashing of teeth continues as if the wreck we have created for ourselves could be salvaged and we could once again return to another place in our lives, where life was good. Bitter recriminations ring out, said as easily as we once said "I love you" or "I need you." In the whirlpool of emotions you reveal your inner nature, senseless, selfish, uncaring and greedy condemning me for what I am and for what I did not have, what I could not give. The fog moves faster, and envelops more as I stare at the vodka bottle, and the pills, trying to decide if I should escape the world, its contradictions and twists being too much to handle. And in the distance, I hear you and others like you mocking me. The sound of your laughter piercing the inner layers of my defenses, laying naked a shredded soul and battered mind. Forever ending any chances at reconciliation, you with them who had hated me for so long. Finally, the dawn that is new love, breaks and drives you screaming and angry in front of it. And I can now rest my shattered body, content in the fact that love, once destroyed, has risen again from the ashes of hatred. And the fog becomes rainbows reflecting the promise of new life.

-Duane Hyland

A Streetlight Remembrance

It is dark tonight, as I wind my way past people, past
lovers, past the streetlight fire. . .
I'm looking for something, I don't know what, perhaps a
memory of a dream in flight.
A streetlight, solemn and straight, attracts my eyes with
a cold clarity.
And I stop, beneath its glow
With numbing hands, and the frost in my soul.
For it reminds me of warmth, its light is a doorway, my
soul lies stricken.
As it reads my heart.
Something is stirring, a face? Lips, piercing eyes, and
loving embrace.
She's out there, past the streetlight, past the people,
lost with only a path of memories she finds me.
I draw back my hand, the streetlight laughs, the people
pass obliviously to their own destinations.
And I stand a bit longer before turning my back, on the
streetlight, its glow from the past . . .
As I walk past figures, uncaring and unknowing. . . I feel
the rain running down my face.
But it's not raining, not yet . . .
The salt stings my lips as I cover my eyes. . .
Wishing I'd not left the streetlight behind.

-Earl Stoltzfus

Images of Chelsie Monday

When you're alone
Look into your eyes
My soul swims there
Listen to your heart
My voice sings there

When you're with me
Look into my eyes
Your soul swims there
Listen to my heart
Your voice sings there
Step into my arms
You'll find you can dance there

When you need me
Look into your memories
I live there
Look into your dreams
I'll take you there

When you want me
Look to love
I'll join you there

-Matthew Peters

A page of

Waves

Waves crash against the western shore.
Will they bring Daddy back from war?
Thousands of miles away he fights long and hard,
While at home we fight and burn our draft cards.

Rat-a-tat-tat!
In my dreams.
Rat-a-tat-tat!
I hear him scream.

Planes land on the western shore,
They've brought back Daddy from the war.
Thousands of miles now he's flown,
A long black box now his home.

Waves crash against the western shore. . .

-John R. Fisk

Fisk Poetry

Channels

Channel 1 . . .

Children in the streets.

Channel 2 . . .

Standing in line to eat.

Channel 3 . . .

Berlin wall about to fall.

Channel 4 . . .

911 to call.

Channel 5 . . .

A new chance for peace.

Channel 6 . . .

None yet in the Middle East.

Channel 7 . . .

Safe sex is really safe!

Channel 8 . . .

Another dies of AIDS.

Channel 9 . . .

Channel 10 . . .

Channel 11 . . .

Channel 49 . . .

Time running out.

Top of hour approaching.

Tune in tomorrow.

If there is one. . .

-John R. Fisk

Untitled

The autumn tones chime everywhere,
whether in the morn's crisp breath of despair
or through the wood's boughs quickly bare
leaving patchwork ground for all to share.

The icy frost seems to lend a phrase
for weary walker passing through the glaze,
Staring and sharing the early light's haze
with small creatures hoarding summer's maze.

The season to come makes young men feel old,
with yearnings and earnings left somehow untold,
yet as always he braces against storm and cold
to make loved ones happy when holidays unfold.

"Happy Holidays"
-Keith Robbins

The Fool

He's in a class all by himself
A beggar who lives with kings.
Harlequin of the human race he is
A laughing, crying fool.

He dares to say what none will say
And he does what none would do.
He tells much less than he truly knows,
A listening, rambling fool.

Beer on my Side

During homecoming I lay back
and listened to Dylan.
I had finished the GRE's.
I heard frat members
yelling and honking horns
for their parents.
As I listened to
Bob screech (on his harmonica)
I thought
Form is more important than content
Observable form.
Underlying content.
The frat boys have beer on their side.
I have a pen.
Right now I'd rather have a beer.

-Rusty Barnes

His fingers are nimble, his humor divine,
A man with the grace of a swan.
Hiding his self to live in our world,
A stumbling, bumbling fool.

His colors are bright, though his future is dim,
And where does he get his joker's craft?
His secret lies in the heart of his pain.
A pitiful, heroic fool.

-Curt Fekety

Speaking Literally

by Andrew Analore

GSG: Greetings, salutations, and fare thee well. I'm Gilbert St. Gilbert, your far-too-dashing host for this hour of SPEAKING LITERALLY with Gilbert St. Gilbert. Tonight, it is indeed my pleasure to have as my guests renowned British playwright/podiatrist William Shakespeare, his American counterpart Tennessee Williams, and novelist Margaret Mitchell. Our topic, as always, is literature, and don't forget that you can phone in your questions to our panel at 576-BOOK. Now without further adieu...gentlemen, lady, good evening.

WS: Well met, sire.

TS: Howdy...

MM: Oh, Gilbert, why, you are such a dapper young man...

GSG: Yes well...Mr. Shakespeare, let's start with you. Your latest play, **MacHamlet**, is all the rave with the critics. How do you account for this?

WS: 'Tis because of the universality of the theme. Every man can identify with the plight of poor MacHamlet as he ponders whether he should invest his savings in low interest government bonds, or blow the whole wad on a tip he received from his father, a ghost bookie.

GSG: Yes, that opening line, "to bet or not to bet," is a true classic...

TW: Classic my keester! You wanna talk classics, Gil, talk about either of my works, **Cat On A Cold Tile Floor** or **A Streetcar Named Horace**. Now that's writin'.

MM: Oh you men! All you ever want to do is fight, fight, fight. It's poor breeding, that's all. Now let's talk about me...

GSG: Indeed we shall, Miss Mitchell. Tell me, are you aware that your work, **Gonnorhea With The Wind**, is the top-selling novel of all time?

MM: That silly book again. Fiddle-dee-dee. I was hoping that we could discuss how nice I look in my new dress...

TW: You wrote that book?

MM: Why Mr. Williams I certainly did. And just where are your manners? Implying that a great lady like myself would stoop to such a deceitful practice as plagiarism. Really!

TW: My dawg could write better drivel than that!

MM: MR. WILLIAMS! Mr. Shakespeare, I demand that you defend me!

WS: Alas, I have never perused the work in question. Great flick, though...

MM: OOOOOOH!

GSG: Um....well, I see we have a call. So, let's go to the phones. Hello caller; you're on the air.

CALL: Yeah, I'd like to know if you're the same Bill Shakespeare from the Lower East Side?

WS: Alas, 'tis not I.

CALL: Yeah, you worked for my dad at that nunnery. You remember...

WS: I, uh, fear it is time to take my leave. Farewell, sweet prince...

MM: Ooh, I just can't take anymore of this. And besides, I have to get ready for the ball tonight...Ashley is gonna be there.

TW: Hold on Margie, I'll call you a cab...

GSG: Well, um, I think that just about does it for this installment of **SPEAKING LITERALLY** with Gilbert St. Gilbert. Join us next week, when my guest will be Mark Twain. Mister Twain will discuss his new novel, **The Adventures of Huckleberry Hound**. Until then, I am Gilbert St. Gilbert.

You And I

SOMEBODY we'll live together
—in a loft built for two
WITH a cozy brass bed
covered by a LOVE quilt
MAYBE we'll have a cat
—with stripes //// down its back
OR a parakeet
—that sings love songs
WE'LL always be happy
—we'll never be sad
AND harmony will always be
—at our doorstep
—in our hearts
—between our legs

-Marcey E. Williams



REMEMBRANCE

I was sitting on my front porch
staring at the moon- and star-lit sky.
Mesmerized by the tranquil scene,
my mind drifts backward through the ages.
I start thinking about the good times
my best friend, Earl, and I used to share.

A shooting star streams across the
night sky only to burn up in the
atmosphere, scattering tiny particles
in all directions. A familiar sound
wakes me from my dream-like state.
From down the street, a dark silhouette
slowly makes its way towards my house.
As the form slowly draws nearer, my
eyes get big as saucers and almost
pop out of my skull in both shock and
amazement: It's a rusted-out car.

A wispy, smoke-like form motions for
me to come. I descend the few steps
and walk toward the car. It's Earl !!
my mind screams with joy and disbelief.

He had the same clothes as he did when
he died: blue jeans, NIKES and a flannel
shirt with a Harley shirt underneath.

His eyes, the hollow sockets they are, seem
distant and expressionless. His hair was
matted down with a dark substance.
The car looked like it's been sitting
in a junkyard for several years.
The headlights were smashed out,

the front quarter panels were dented,
the front windshield was cracked, almost
as if someone hit it, and the tires were bald
with age.

When I stoppped in front of Earl, we embrace
for a few seconds. My mind was racing out
of control like a car without brakes.
I didn't know were to begin the conversation
with Earl. After all one doesn't normally talk
with the dead. When the initial shock wore down,
I was more relaxed and comfortable around Earl.

We talked about the times we went to the bars
and got drunk, the drag races we used to win
out on Old Church Road, but we never mentioned
that unfortunate accident so long ago.

With a sad look in his eyes,
he shows me a glimpse of a
mangled car wrapped around
a utility pole. What did it
mean? Why was Earl here?
Is it real or am I dreaming?
So many questions, so little time.

I step back from the old, rusted car
and cry tears of joy and sorrow. Joy
because I saw Earl after all these years
and sorrow because he was leaving , never
to return. The car rolls out slowly,
almost, almost, almost fading out of
sight forever

-Dale Whapham

SUNFLOWER

by Marcey Williams

"If you've never been to the Sunflower Moonshine festival, you've never been anywhere." That's what Joe always said—to new people he'd meet, to me, to old friends. His "baby" he called it. The Sunflower Moonshine festival. I don't know if Joe really invented Sunflower Moonshine or not, but to listen to him talk, you'd think he was Einstein with a lightbulb in one hand and the secret to carbonation in the other.

Joe was always a bit pretentious, especially when it came to discussing Sunflower Moonshine. Let me explain what it is. Sunflower Moonshine is not what the name implies. It is not an illegal beverage made in the backwoods country of the Carolina hills. Sunflower Moonshine is lying on your back in a big field of sunflowers on a cloudy night, with the moon shining down on you, giving the sunflowers special faces that look upon you with an alluring glow,

The summer before the end of all Sunflower Moonshine festivals, I met Joe in one of those sunflower fields. I went for a walk under the giant pre-harvest moonlight, under the tall smiling sunflowers, under the twinkling stars and lightening bugs. He was there. Eyes closed, hands on his chest—I thought he was dead, but was I ever wrong. Before I knew what was happening, he was jumping around screaming and talking to every sunflower he met. They all had names: Aloicious, Fredrico, Bluning, Lilypad, Comstock, Candida, Eleanor. You name it and there was a sunflower. I thought maybe he was crazy—naming all the sunflowers, not to mention talking to them. Then he ran into me. Literally. I thought maybe he'd give me a name too. He did.

MOONSHINE

Well that was the beginning. Joe and I went to the Sunflower Moonshine festival every night for the rest of the summer. We danced and sang, made love and named sunflowers. We never ran out of names either. Wherever our imaginations went, the sunflowers came too. We took them on our mind journeys and we brought them into our hearts. Every one of them. During the Sunflower Moonshine festival happiness ruled. Joe was the King and I the queen and all the sunflowers were our children, our people, our lovers.

That summer was the end of my promiscuity, the re-birth of my innocence. We walked and talked of days to come, and Sunflower Moonshine festivals ahead. But little did we know it would all come to an end, and sooner than we thought.

Joe was gone not too long after that last Sunflower Moonshine festival. There will never be another human being like him, or another festival to equal to Joe's Sunflower Moonshine festival. He taught me so much that summer—his freedom, love of nature, and love for the human race. "If you've never been to the Sunflower Moonshine festival, you've never been anywhere," he'd say. I don't agree. I went to the festival and I still haven't been anywhere. Without Joe's love of life, it's unlikely I ever will go.

Dedicated to the Memory of:

Joseph L. Davis

September 17, 1969

to

July 22, 1990

The Snow

The snow
slides from the ski slope
as the rain
whispers down
through the hemlocks.

The clouds,
heavy with ash,
move slowly across the treetops,
bursting and releasing every few minutes
and then resting.

The hillside, purple
with death and rot
as the winter draws to a close.

A fly crawls across my window,
dying.

Wings broken.
Its hiding from the hard winter
has only made it weaker
has only given it a slow death
The sun's light creeps around the corner
The fly falls.

-Jennifer Swendrowski

Broken Heart

So what do you think?

I think I am.

He won't tell you?

He says he can't.

Do you think you can die
from a broken heart?

I don't know.

Is he . . . dying?

I don't know.

When will you?

He says, "Don't let them put
me on life support."

Will you let them?

I can't stop them.

Who am I? Wait,

I know.

Who are you?

The one who killed him.

The one who broke his heart.

-S. Michelle Hoepfl

Your eyes

Tonight,
the full moon shone from behind the clouds.
A silver lined phantom,
emanating a glow.
Illuminating every inch with a blue haze.
The street lights whimpered a soft touch of satin
through the moonlight.

Oh, how I love your eyes,
although they dare not look to mine.
Afraid to rest your gaze on me,
as if one soothing glance
would be enough
to cause my reflection to fall and crash
into infinity.

This is all a dream,
unfettered by the crisp reality
that will soon come with daylight.
Oh, how I love your eyes,
that are afraid to turn to me,
afraid to speak
what lies beneath the surface,
in the wilderness of your soul.

There is a chill felt by us both.
It touches our skin and caresses our lips,
but separates us
from the warmth
of each other's fixation.

Jennifer Swendrowski

All The Dear Darlings

If you were to ask, I would remove my life's cloak-

Show you what pain really is, and what it can do.

How it leaves an empty grave.

I would tell you what it is like to hate to
see the dawn and hope the hell the night will hurry,
blanket my soul and never let go.

I would tell you how it when
you are tossed aside to be the forgotten,
how it is to look at the stars, curse your birth,
wish you had never been born in the first place.

Then there is the injustice of the abortion,
the pain that will always be with you,

And you must start over-

And each morning you must forget until you spend your life
forgetting, forgetting, forgetting.

And this the price we pay

For all the dear darlings.

- Kerry Jones

Speaking Literally

by Andrew Analore

FFF: Good evening ladies and gentleman, and welcome to the special Thursday edition of SPEAKING LITERALLY with Gilbert St. Gilbert. I'm Franklin Francis Fairchild filling in for the usually all-too-dapper Gilbert St. Gilbert, who was the unfortunate victim of a freak hibachi accident at his West-Cheyenne platypus ranch earlier this evening. The staff and all here at W-GSG t.v. wish him a safe and speedy recovery...

Now on to the business at hand. My guest tonight is truly one of the great screen presences of all time. An academy award winning actor, he is also the author of the new best-seller, **TRUBBLE IN PARADISE...** Mr. Barney Rubble. Mr. Rubble, I thank you very much for coming.

BR: The pleasure is all mine, Mr. Fairchild. Heck, the truth is, I'm so desperate for work these days, I'll do almost anything.

FFF: Yes, well...I thought that we might begin this interview by talking a little about your pre-Flintstone days. I'll bet that not many people are aware of the fact that you were originally cast for the role of Stanley in **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, a part that was eventually landed by a young unknown named Brando.

BR: Actually, that's not quite true. You see, I was working with this improvisational repertoire group in some Alabama backwater. Anyway, one blistering-hot June evening we were performing what I considered to be a brilliant rendition of **FANNIE**; I was especially good in my role as Daddy Bigbutts. Now we used to have this group of regulars, mostly rednecks, who would come to see the show and enjoy the twelve drink minimum. I didn't know it at the time, but among them was none other than the great Tennessee Williams himself. He was impressed by my performance, and offered me the lead in the movie version of his latest play. I was speechless. It was at this point that our new stage-hand, a slight young runt named Marlon, approached me and asked if I had seen his dog, **STELLA**. I couldn't hear him well, so I asked him to repeat himself. "**STELLA! STELLA!**" he yelled. Mr. Williams hired him on the spot.

FFF: Despite this early failure, you did go on to appear in small roles in

several motion pictures. **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS** and **AFRICAN QUEEN** are among your credits. But it is obviously your work on television for which you are best remembered. How did the Flintstone concept begin?

BR: Well, Fred Flintstone was an old high-school buddy of mine, and as chance would have it we happened to meet one night in a bar in Tulsa. It was at a time in both of our lives when we were between jobs and extremely down on our luck. Anyway, we got to talking, and, somehow, the topic got around to television. Over the last couple Tom Collins, he told me of an idea that he had been kicking around in his mind for a television series about life in the early Paleozoic era. I liked the idea, and suggested, jokingly, that it would take the modern family back to the stone-age. And so the concept was born.

FFF: You and Fred took your idea straight to Hollywood, and **THE FLINTSTONES** quickly became one of the most popular shows on television. And so it remained so, largely due to your presence in the cast, for nearly eight years. It was during this time also that you garnered your first major starring role, in the acclaimed **DON'T SHOOT--THEY'RE ONLY PENGUINS**, for which the Motion Picture Academy awarded you its Best Actor Oscar. At the time, Roger Ebert said of you, "...Rubble is undoubtedly one of the best 117 actors of all-time. I like him because his name reminds me of peanut brittle, and I really do like peanut brittle..." Clearly you were on top of the world. Then, as quickly as you ascended the ladder of stardom, you crashed back down to the bottom. What happened?

BR: Well, as an actor, I began feeling increasingly restless. I was growing weary of playing the straight man to Fred, and of his iron hold over all the creative aspects of the show. When, in that final season, Fred persisted in hogging all the "Yabba-Dabba-Doos" for himself, I just walked out. Our relationship deteriorated rapidly afterward, and I was written out of the show. From the human perspective, I attribute my decline to this nagging sense that I had of being one-dimensional. I felt like a cartoon character or something. That's when my reliance on heavy narcotics began.

FFF: And that, of course, is the subject of your book.

BR: Among other things. My main focus is upon my estrangement from Fred, and from my wife, Betty. Hopefully, now that my stay at the Betty Ford Clinic has cured me of my dependency, I will be able to pick up the pieces and rebuild my career.

FFF: Thank you, Mr. Rubble. We wish you well. But I am afraid that we are out of time. Shocking, poignant, recommended, **TRUBBLE IN PARADISE** is the name of the book. Next week on **SPEAKING LITERALLY**, a surgically reconstructed Gilbert St. Gilbert, that man among men, will return. His guest will be Pavlov's dog, who will discuss his controversial new work **SLOBBER ON YOUR SHOE: OPERANT CONDITIONING AND THE STYLISH CANINE**. Until then...I'm Franklin Francis Fairchild. Goodnight.

V

Be happy, be sad, be depressed, be suicidal.

Be whatever it takes to get through.

For you will be abandoned again and again.

Until you believe it is too much and you

Cannot go on. And yet you do. You will

Remain after they have all gone away.

After all the deaths, the fights, the raised

Voices. After the returned mail, the

Unanswered phone calls. After all the

Nights of drinking and smoking and

Wondering what is wrong with you. Only

You will remain. Remain stripped of all

pretenses, all acts, all masks. Stripped

Of everything and yet you will remain.

And you will know that you are

Going to keep right on remaining. Remaining

Happy and sad and depressed and

Suicidal.

-Shawn A. Hartley

Structures

What can these be?
I ask myself as I drive
down some darkened road
in my car of dreams.
The icy rain batters my
windshield, distorting my view.
Could they be buildings?
Twisted assemblages of
metal and pane
built only to
comfort their builders.
Lawns of fears
Trees of tears
Fenced in by stone walls
of thought with
Cobblestone drives of
tribulation.
The warped wooden
sign entwined with
neon lights
entices me to stay.
Edge City.

-Duane Mumma

A Word From The Editor:

Editorial Comments, Take Two! You see, the first set were written at approximately 1:00 a.m., and were, at best, a little disjointed. Also, several people asked me if there would be any more esoteric comments like last year. I hadn't written any. So, I've decided to relent and write them.

- to A.S. My Butt is COLD!!!
- to B.F. I do *not* write happy endings.
- to J.S. May I cut in?
- to B.U. Imagine seeing you here.
- to M.H. Did you call? Did ya? Did ya? Huh? Huh?
- to S.T. You're right. As always.
- to I. M. Look, it's Matt Gallo
- to M.G. Look, it's Ian McAndrew

I think that about covers the esoteric type comments. I hope you all enjoy the new, improved EDGE CITY. It now is a twice yearly publication, and either another editor or I will be soliciting your work in the spring. So get busy and get published.

Shawn

Finis

